

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

We give this week an excellent portrait of an old friend. Mr. Alexander Calder once did his work in Spiritualism—and well he did it—as President of the old



MR. ALEXANDER CALDER.

"British National Association." He has not connected himself with public work of late years, but his interest has never flagged, and he has been always a warm and generous supporter of our cause.

I have no pretensions to deal with Professor Karl Pearson on Science. I maintain a modest reticence as to what I know very little about. It would have been well if Professor Pearson had shown the same modesty in dealing with what he is ignorant of. In his recently published "Grammar of Science" he alludes to Spiritualism, the facts of which, it seems, "are, to a great extent, unreal, which arise from the vain imaginings of untrained minds and from atavistic tendencies to superstition." It never struck me in that light before. When I come to look at the utterance it strikes me that Professor Pearson's mind may be reasonably described as "untrained" in respect of Spiritualism. What "an atavistic tendency to superstition"

may be is obscure. If my grandfather had an idea that the Professor's advanced science has exploded, its survival would be atavistic, I suppose. What of "superstition" there may be in recognising a *vera causa* in the intervention of spiritual beings in this world I do not know. But I fancy there may be quite as much that is atavistic and superstitious in refusing to recognise such interventions. There is, perhaps, an atavism of science (falsely so called) and a superstition of Materialism, which may be taken into account. Men of science write as if they had a monopoly of truth. They are, in their opinion, the inspired exponents of all that man must believe in order to be saved: incarnate Athanasian creeds. When they step out of the groove in which they work they soon display the superstition that they credit others with. And they have inherited an atavistic tendency to certain exclusions and inclusions in their philosophy which should make them chary of rebuking others for the same faults. The whole question may be summed up very easily. A man who has devoted an adequate amount of time to the study of a particular group of facts has a right to be heard when he offers his conclusions upon what he may be presumed to know something about. This right does not extend to his excursions into domains of truth which he has not penetrated. More, the atavism of his habit of mind entitles him to no respect, but is a clear disqualification. His strident dogmatism has been inherited from the priest and fits him badly.

Some correspondents allude further to the matter of phosphorus at seances, and suggest that the use of it before sitting might be serviceable. I cannot say broadly, but I know that an experiment of the kind at our own seances was met with great reprobation by our invisible friends. Dr. S., whose mind was most alert in devising expedients for embarrassing spirits in what they wanted to do—i.e., in getting them to repeat experiments under difficulties of his suggestion—had imported a box suspended by a thread from the gaselier and marked with a cross made by phosphorus. He was incited to this experiment by the presence of phosphoric odour and phosphorescent appearances in our seances. He wanted the box turned round or raps made on it, or something else; but, at any rate, he marked it as I have said. The only result, beyond some raps on the box, was a very emphatic message requiring us not to use phosphorus again. The invisible operators objected to that method of facilitating or hampering their plans. It may be that in other circles no such objection might hold. I do not know; but so it was with us. The only other case in which I remember extreme objection to our proceedings was that referred to in the Records of Mrs. S. (p. 115 of "LIGHT," March 5th). We had admitted to our circle a fresh member without ascertaining whether his presence was agreeable. We had grown to take the phenomena for granted, and it never occurred to us that we were varying the conditions by importing a stranger. We regarded what was done as something that could be done anyhow, and I am ashamed to think now how much difficulty was put in the way of the invisibles who never

regarded the production of physical phenomena as other than irksome, and objected to their experiments being vitiated by our suggestions. They put a rapid end to our phosphorus and to the introduction of new members to our circle.

I observe that Mr. A. E. Waite has been so unfortunate—or should I say so fortunate?—as to secure a slating from both “The Saturday Review” and the organ of the Society for Psychical Research in respect of his book “The Occult Sciences.” I hold no brief for the defence of Mr. Waite, but I am interested in the “Saturday’s” article. I remember that superfine periodical when it had teeth. This is mere toothless mumbling: the secretion of venom without the fangs to make it dangerous. One is irresistibly reminded of some old *roué* whose passions have survived the power of their gratification. It is not the fault of the “Saturday” that the inevitable result of age appears in a body that lacks nutrition, but jaunty airs do not sit well on doddering age. “The Occult Sciences. There are no occult sciences” is the “Saturday’s” verdict. That is simple: yet a less venturesome critic might remember the connection between Astrology and Astronomy, between Alchemy and Chemistry. Folk-lore is more in the way of the “Saturday” critic, “folk-lore modified by ancient or modern pedantry.” Modern, I should say in preference: the folk-lore of Mr. Lang, the versatile, the unexpected. One must not be too hard on an article that is slipped in to fill an odd corner, and is oddly adapted to its surroundings. If it were likely to have any weight I should denounce it as the frivolous trifling of a person whose ignorance is advertised at so much a line. “Why was this book written or published?” asks the ingenuous writer, who tells us that “it has been reviewed to instruct intending purchasers in the result which it produces on an inquiring mind.” It is obvious to suggest that an effect depends on the mind, its capacity, and its attitude. It is also open to a candid friend to suggest that there may be other reasons less complimentary to the writer. The one bit of knowledge is dragged into the article at the end, “By the way 1651 is not the date of” something. “There is a later edition, with spurious matter, of 1665,” and so on. Tacked on with a pin at the tail of a worthless tirade, that is the sum of the contribution to our knowledge—if the assertion be true.

“THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES.”

Whatever be the scientific or other value of the Theosophical hypothesis concerning the seven principles in man, there is no obvious reason why it should appear, even to the “elementary student,” a “hopeless tangle,” or why it should be “utterly misunderstood.” However, Mr. Brodie Innes informs us that these are the facts of the case, at least as regards beginners, and he assigns two causes—deficiency of proper common understanding as to the use of words, and the attempt to expound too much. After reading his interesting pamphlet, a severe critic might add that an involved method and the use of tremendous parentheses will prove another source of confusion, for it is in this way Mr. Brodie Innes frequently fails to be intelligible. Subject to correction, we believe that the doctrine of the seven principles was first formally introduced to Western mystics by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. We do not remember to have met with it in “Isis Unveiled,” but it has since occupied a prominent place in the Theosophical scheme. Mr. Innes says that there are few subjects of occult learning more essential for the beginner to acquire “a firm grip of,” and, accordingly, after Mr. Sinnett and “Esoteric Buddhism,” come explanations in the “Key to Theosophy,” as well as in the “Secret Doctrine,” the lectures of Colonel Olcott, and, recently, a “Note” by Mrs. Besant, to which the “Elementary Note” of Mr. Brodie Innes might act as a first guide and

answer its purpose well, if he could only delete his parentheses. No reader of “LIGHT” can fail to be acquainted, in however “confused” a manner, with the doctrine of the seven principles. Christian mysticism has always recognised a triune nature in man; on the other hand, Oriental Theosophy regards that nature as sevenfold, and, if we understand Mr. Innes, each of these individual “folds” is itself seven times plaited, and the process might be continued unto seventy times seven for all that can be seen to the contrary. The truth is, that all classifications of the kind are inevitably a little arbitrary, but they frequently serve a purpose. There are infinite possibilities in man, and, no doubt, there are many methods after which they can be exposed and arranged. If the sevenfold classification enables Theosophy to expound its teachings better than would the Christian triad, it may be tolerated in that capacity, only we think it should be held in the “fluid or passing sense” which was dear to the heart of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

The seven principles as explained by Mr. Brodie Innes are:—

1. *Sthola Sharira*, the lifeless chemical elements which compose the human form.
2. *Prana*, the life-principle which holds these elements together.
3. *Linga Sharira*, the plan, ideal principle, or scheme, on which the body is built.
4. *Kama Rupa*, the body of desire, the seat of the will, and of conscious perception.
5. *Manas*, the mind, the pure, abstract faculty of “selfless thinking.”

6. *Buddhi*, the seat of conscience, and of the love of God.
7. *Atma*, the Universal Soul, individualised in each man.

A classification like this, as we have said, may serve a purpose, but in itself it adds nothing to our knowledge, nor do the elucidations of Mr. Brodie Innes contain anything that is new to the student of mystical literature in the West. While this fact reflects on them no unfavourable light, it does warrant a friendly deprecation of that accent of exclusive authority which obtains in so many Theosophical writings, and from which the pamphlet of Mr. Brodie Innes is by no means free. Indeed, the “elementary” reader might almost infer from its pages that Theosophy possessed a monopoly of the doctrine of correspondences, and that there was no occult tradition outside the sphere of its teaching. But Christendom possesses its own light of mysticism and its own inheritance in the Hermetic dogma. It also seeks by the same path the same transcendental end as the Eastern wisdom, namely, “the highest, the Universal Union,” and it may reasonably demand recognition from all who are concerned in that quest.

A. E. W.

* “An Elementary Note on the Seven Principles.” By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. (Theosophical Siftings, No. 16. Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.)

FORM.

ADDRESSED TO STUDENTS OF BOEHME ONLY.

The beginning of every being is nothing else but an imagination of the outflow will of God, which hath brought itself into separability, formedness, and image likeness wherein lieth the whole creation. —“Treatise on Baptism,” Chap. i., par. 4.

Where I began to see the result of any fixed persuasion in our *entourage* of spirits, I never guessed where that seeing would lead me. But it happened to me as it does to a child playing on open ground when his ball rolls off into a pathless thicket close by; though he is pretty sure to miss the shortest way out, and now and then to lose his footing in rough and tangled obscurity, yet he saw the ball enter, and at all risks will follow to try and find where it went to. I saw that a fixed persuasion is a permanent attitude of mind, that every attitude is a form and amounts to the same thing as a figure on the visible plane; and then as remembrance of Boehme’s saying “The figure hath caused the spirit,”* and Swedenborg’s that “Influx is according to form,”† flashed upon me, I suddenly perceived that some unvarying law of creative action was to be discovered on this ground. Plato’s ideas came to my mind, of course, and many a dark saying of Boehme’s in which the use of the words idea or figure had been so without context in my mind previously, that passages in which they occurred had, for me, been a dead letter. If now I can suggest any interpretation of these worth having, or even any gleam of light upon them leading to fuller illumination, seeming presumption may be forgiven. The attempt is not made because I think myself equal to it, even in my best days, but because if I do not do what little I can now, I shall never be able to share with other seekers finds—in my judgment—most precious; and it may be long before another student has had leisure and inclination for thirty years’ quarrying in Boehme’s works. This qualification is mine.

In par. 4 of his twelfth “Theosophic Question” he says: “The original of all things lieth in the idea.”

In answer to his fifth “Theosophic Question”—all most instructive on this theme—par. 4, we read: “When God would have such an Idea in living creatures . . . then He moved and severed the central fire of the Eternal nature whereby the Idea is become manifest in the fire which is done through the breathing,” and a few sentences before, “The central fire of the Eternal nature, wherein the substance of the creature standeth.” (How is substance to be accounted for therein? thus—all fire that is kindled enough to give forth shining light, produces first air from thence, and from air water distils; water is potential corporeity.)‡

It should be remembered that in Boehme’s language the “fire of God” and “the wrath of God” are equivalents for nature in our world, and the light that outshines from nature’s fire is not wholly originated by nature, for “in the light are the powers of the not-natural life manifested,”§ but out of light, he tells us, no creature could be formed; for *naturung* there must be fire, that which is always consuming and producing simultaneously. We see, therefore, *why* the central fire of the Eternal nature was moved in order that the ideas of the Divine mind should be manifested.

In many places in Boehme’s writings, we shall find him insisting on the same laws of nature ruling on highest and lowest planes, and this among others, that as in the mind of man a form or model of what it desires to effect must precede every acting out of the will, so in the “Wisdom” of God, and so in the world-soul it has ever been. It is interesting to see how exactly Madame Blavatsky’s account of the creation of man tallies with Boehme’s as to this: “The Dhyani Chohan creates man in his own form; it is a spiritual ideation . . . that form is the ideal shadow of itself; and this is the man of the first race.”||

“The first race was composed of astral shadows of the creative progenitors, having, of course, neither astral nor physical bodies of their own.”¶ “The Father of Nature,”

* “Threefold Life.” (Chap. x., par. 13.)

† “Conjugal Love.” (Par. 86.)

‡ If anyone should demand of us what properly a body is, we say that a body is a tangible birth of the water, differing in shape and quality according to the power and activity of its former of life.—VAN HELMONT.

§ “Election.” (Chap. ix., par. 45.)

¶ “Secret Doctrine.” (Vol. II., p. 242.)‡

¶ “Secret Doctrine.” (Vol. II., p. 121.)

Boehme wrote, “hath continually compacted the substantiality in the mystery” (by mystery understand a chaos of potentialities), “where it hath formed itself, as it were, into an image, and yet hath been no image, but as a shadow of an image.”*

My object is to show how that shadow of an image tends to creaturely existence, and in the attempt Boehme’s track must be closely followed.

“The will is no substance, but the willing’s imagination maketh substance.”†

“The will maketh out of itself the form of a spirit, and the form maketh a substance according to the property of the spirit.”‡

“It figureth the willing into a form or shape, wherein we understand the centre of the spirit.”§

Without Boehme’s key to the last sentence what a totally unintelligible paradox that seems. One can hardly imagine words more senseless than “a shape wherein we understand the centre of the spirit,” the centre of what we are used, in our ignorance, to think of as essentially independent of form! Yet with Boehme’s key, we shall find in these words a most precise compendium of his revelations concerning the origin of all living creatures. To prove this a considerable digression is necessary. It is vain to try to give Boehme’s meaning with any evasion of the fact, that as soon as one level of understanding is reached another yet deeper is perceived. But on the other hand, if once clear intelligence is gained of any obscure part of his teaching, light will break out from that part more and more, and show such unforeseen agreement of assertions of his [previously seeming to lack point] with what little we know of the mysteries of nature, that conviction grows upon us of his having been used by a Divine teacher as a medium.

It is impossible, I think, to render his account of what the Wisdom is—in which, by the Word, all that was first created came into existence—with any words as clear as his own in the following passage: “The word is the speaking or breathing of the willing. . . . The Wisdom is the outflow word . . . the substantial power of the great Love of God . . . a passive substance of Divine operation.”|| Now, if content with this as *all* we can learn of the Divine Originator, Boehme’s frequent reference to the *Mysterium Magnum* will be a baffling patch of superfluous unintelligibility. Let us therefore heed his own definition of it in a small treatise, in which he seems to touch the most profound arcana accessible to man. In the fifth of his small book of “Six Points” he says that the Magia is “the original of nature . . . no other than a will, and that will is the Mysterium Magnum . . . the greatest hidden secret, for it is above nature and maketh nature according to the form of its will. It is the fountain of the Divine Wisdom, viz., a desire in the Number Three, whatsoever the will-spirit openeth in it, that it driveth into a substance through the harsh astringency which is the *fiat*,¶ all according to the model of the will. As the will doth model it in the wisdom, so the desiring Magia receiveth it in.” So we have to think of the Mysterium Magnum as the desirous activity of the Deific will to realise ideas in the passive efflux of Deity—the Wisdom.** Invited by Boehme to believe in a close analogy between the Divine and human mind, we can think of the ideas in the Wisdom as answering to such as we entertain in thoughts; so soon as we will to bring these to actuality, the concentration of desire is the magic that effects our creaturely word. We utter or outbring acts; the word of God produced creatures. Now every definite purpose is, as such, a limitation of indefinite powers; as we say, it fastens the mind on a point. “If there be a speaking, then the power must first contract itself that it

* “Incarnation.” (Part I., chap. i., par. 54.)

† Ibid. (Part II., chap. ii., par. 23.)

‡ “Fourth Point” of “Six Great Points.” (Chap. vi., par. 10.)

§ “Apology.” (I., part ii., par. 493.)

|| “Explanation of Table of the Three Principles.” (Pars. 28 and 29.)

¶ The desire is the *fiat* which has made something where nothing was, but only a spirit.—“*Clavis*.” (Par. 75.)

** Anyone seriously bent on understanding all that Boehme has revealed about that most mysterious Being—the Divine Wisdom, should read, not once or twice, but repeatedly—some interval of time between each reading—the second and third chapters of the second part of his treatise on the “Incarnation.” Of course, pride and sloth would tempt with the thought that it is a subject unfathomably obscure. But so are logarithms, until they have been studied long enough. It is only adequate interest which is wanted for *standing* long enough under the weight of obscurity to be rewarded by growing intelligence.

may breathe forth itself; and then it begetteth that comprehensive magnetic impression, viz., the something [which is the beginning] wherein the *fiat* which attracteth the powers is understood.* Thus does the form or shape prove to be the centre of the spirit; the idea is the shape into which the will contracts itself with desire to bring that idea to ultimatum; and with that contraction of the will the evolution of a self-conscious and embodied spirit begins; for "not substantial, but figured spirits without corporising have been from eternity."† Spirit must form some kind of embodiment before its self-consciousness can begin. "Out of the substance the true intellective spirit primely proceedeth, which before the substance is only a will, and not manifest to itself; for the will doth therefore introduce itself into substance and essence that it might be manifest to itself."‡ "Out of the spiritual form the corporeal form is generated,"§ and as the spiritual form alters, so does its bodily exponent. "Being the first Adam had fixed his imagination in the earthliness, he is become earthly."||

The result for the race is a predominating sense of physical conditions. Boehme draws one of his most powerful arguments for securing regeneration before death from the certainty that sooner or later life-sustaining forces, both elementary and astral, must fail for mortal bodies, and when the last dies the spirit's outward "looking-glass" is shattered and no possibility of an altering consciousness remains, only what the magical will reproduces from the past with hungry, insatiable desires. Unless the new creature of heavenly flesh and blood is in some degree of life, there can be no consciousness of any other good than what the poor soul has groped after here. "The soul hath no image or body which remaineth eternally, unless it be through Christ regenerated out of its first substantiality. . . . In the time of the earthly life it may alter its will, and then the *fiat* altereth the figure, but after the dying of the body it hath nothing more wherein it can alter its will."¶ "It is in this sense, as indispensable to conscious self-disposal, that Boehme calls the outward world of every inward life a looking-glass: "Every form maketh substance in its desire . . . and hath its seeing in its own looking-glass. Its seeing is a darkness to the looking-glass of the other.** There are, we know, many planes of consciousness besides that of the body, and each one makes what he terms the "looking-glass of the imagination." "That is as a looking-glass wherein the will beholdeth itself what it is, and in that beholding it becometh desirous of that substance which itself is, and the desiring is a drawing in." (Ab, yes.) "The will draweth itself in the desiring and modelleth itself in the desiring for what it is. That very model is the looking-glass wherein the will seeth what it is, for it is a similitude of or according to the willing."††

Now, if the human will were long bent on one form of desire, these looking-glasses would not be the brittle, disappointing things they are. We complain of the treachery of hope; but there is a worse traitor in the camp, the perverted will which seeks happiness in every other direction before it turns to the only source of any lasting joy.

A. J. PENNY.

(To be continued.)

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT.

At the Public Hall, Upper Norwood, on March 18th, Dr. Maurice Davies being in the chair, Miss Florence Marryat will deliver an address on "There is no Death." The doors are open at 7.30. Seats from 3s. 6d. to 1s.

It is the horizon that gives dignity to the foreground; a picture without sky has no glory. This present, unless we see gleaming beyond it the eternal calm of the heavens above the tossing tree-tops with withering leaves, and the smoky chimneys, is a poor thing for our eyes to gaze at, or our hearts to love, or our hands to toil on. But when we see that all paths lead to heaven, and that our eternity is affected by our acts in time, then it is blessed to gaze, it is possible to love the earthly shadows of the uncreated beauty, it is worth while to work.—MACLAREN.

* "Four Tables of Divine Revelation."

† "Nineteenth of Forty Questions." (Par. 10.)

‡ "Mysterium Magnum." (Chap. iv., par. 9.)

§ "Three Principles." (Chap. xi., par. 17.)

|| "Incarnation." (Part I., chap. x., par. 11.)

¶ "Apology." (1, Part II., pars. 265 and 267.)

** "Points." (II., par. 13.)

†† "Incarnation." (Part II., chap. i., pars. 36-40.)

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC IN PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.

BY COLONEL OLCOTT.

FROM THE "THEOSOPHIST."

The most careless observer of the religious rites and ceremonies of all nations, especially all students of psychology, must have been struck by the fact that music plays a most important part in the awakening of religious feeling. The effect of the anthem, the chant, the recitative and intonation is best appreciated, because most familiar to Western peoples. The emotions stirred up by the solemn harmonies of masterful composers are so vivid as to throw the super-sensitive into reverie, trance, and even convulsions. Ecclesiastical art has depicted these psychical phenomena in a way to leave no room for doubt upon the subject. We read of instances where the monk or nun, wrought up to the stage of psychical ecstasy by the vibrations of the organ and the harmonies of blended voices, have developed what Professor Charcot would call a crisis of the Great Hypnosis, fallen into an abnormal psycho-physiological condition, and been levitated, or lifted up into the air by an up-rush of "psychic force," and floated towards some picture hanging over the altar. Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., the great English chemist, collected from Church records, some years ago, a long list of Catholic saints who were reputed to have accomplished this marvel. In science such persons are called *cethrobats*, and the familiar name for the phenomenon itself is "levitation." All schools of hypnotism will agree in classifying the fact as one of neurosis or hysteria. The body seems to lose almost entirely its weight and to acquire a new specific gravity. Thus, for example, a patient in this state will not ordinarily sink in water. Dr. Justinus Koerner, the famed and greatly respected physician of Margaretha Hauffe, the "Seeress of Prevorst," relates that she became sometimes so light that her body had to be forced into the water when a bath had to be given her. Dr. Maximilian Perty, of Geneva, reports that one Anna Fleischer would in this condition be lifted up mysteriously from the bed, floating in mid-air as light as a smoke-cloud, and drifting towards an open window in a current of air setting in that direction.† Margaret Rule, one of the poor girls of Salem, Mass., who was accused of witchcraft by my brutishly but ignorantly fanatical Puritan ancestors, was similarly levitated, and so drawn upwards by the occult force that three strong men could hardly pull her down to the bed.‡ D'Assier cites from the Church annals, among many cases of *cethrobacy*, that of a young monk named Joseph de Copertino who became so psychically exalted that he rose in the air from the centre of the monastery chapel, floated towards the cross above the altar, and embraced it with ecstatic delight. At one time, "on Christmas night, having heard the pipes of some shepherds . . . he heaved a deep sigh, uttered a loud cry and flew like a bird from the centre of the church to the high altar, which was distant from him more than fifty feet." ("Posthumous Humanity," p. 187.) All these were psychics under deep religious excitement, and in many instances, the nervous crisis had been provoked by the music and intoned service of the Church. The Bible relates how the harp-playing of David actually drove away from Saul the homicidal frenzy that had seized upon him. I have seen several pictures of this dramatic story, but never one which was worthy of the theme, save the one which I rejoiced in gazing at only two weeks ago in the National Museum in Stockholm.

Now the soul, or *psyche*, is not limited to experiencing but one set of emotions, it is played upon by many; and the power of music to evoke them is seen throughout. The battle fury which sends the maddened soldier into the fray is excited to a superlative degree by the martial music of the bands: I knew it from experience, and so does every man who ever was engaged with the enemy. How the ears drink in the inspiring sounds, how the heart beats to the skirl of the pipes, the roll of the drums, the cries of the reed instruments, the swing, the challenge, the virile appeal of the national air! During the Civil War, I once asked the commanding general of a division on the march to let me

* A brief paper read before the Seidl Society of Brooklyn, N.Y., October, 1891.

† "Animal Magnetism and Magnetic Lucid Somnambulism." By EDWIN LEE, M.D. (p. 322).

‡ Upham's "Salem Witchcraft," ii., 489.

ride back to the band of a certain regiment and order the leader to play an air that was the favourite of our division, to try if it would not make the weary and struggling column revive their spirits and fall into their places again. The general consented, I gave the order, the band struck up the sweet air, and the whole column fell to singing it, and pushed on as lively as ever. Yes, music plays upon the whole set of heart-strings, exalting or debasing our soul-emotions, throwing us into religious ecstasy, or homicidal mania, or lustful yearnings as its character changes. Dr. D. Hack Tuke, the eminent English authority, says ("Sleep Walking and Hypnotism," p. 109): "Indeed, music exerts so powerful an impression as to make the subject assume all the postures related to the various sentiments which it expresses."

Did some of you see the savage Aissouas, of Algeria and Morocco, at the Paris Exhibition of 1888? And do you remember how the whole party of marvel-workers went on beating their huge tambourines with monotonous rhythm for some time before the psychic frenzy seized them, and how they threw down their tambourines, uttered hoarse wild-beast cries, and went to sticking long skewers through their tongues and cheeks and into other parts of their bodies? I watched them closely, and am persuaded that their startling insensibility to pain, to cuts, and to fires that roasted the skin of their feet, was due absolutely to a nerve-crisis brought on by the measured tones of tambourines. The shaman of Siberia is thrown into a like state by the beating of a peculiar drum, I have in Madras a drum used for exorcisms of devils—more scientifically speaking, for terminating one nervous crisis by provoking another. The devil-dancers of Ceylon keep up a monotonous beating of the tom-tom, or small drum, while they are whirling and posturing before the patient whom they are called in to cure and whom—I have frequently been told by eye-witnesses—they do cure.

The student of psychology finds his opportunities everywhere: a few Sundays ago, I went to High Mass in the Cathedral of Nancy, in Lorraine, to see how much hypnotism there was in the service. Well, it was all hypnotic suggestion, all—the music, and the intoned service especially. Do not suppose that the Catholic Church was the first to understand the mesmeric power of an intoned service; all the older religions had it, and all their survivors have it still. You should hear with your own ears the Pandits of India intone the Sanskrit verses of the Vedas, and the Buddhist priests of Burma, Ceylon, Siam, China, Japan, and other Oriental countries intone even the simple formulary of the "Three Refuges" and the "Five Precepts," as well as the *gathas*, or verses, of their Scriptures. I recollect no more taking influence than the intonation of the service in the greater temples of Japan, to the accompaniment of rhythmically beaten kettle-drums and other kinds of drums: now and again the deep roaring vibration of a monster bass drum breaking in and sending a thrill through your every nerve. I "assisted" once at a grand ceremony in "Choo-ee" Temple in Kioto, in which several hundred priests chanted together the service, and many drums marked the time. It was a powerful hypnotic agency.

Most of your ladies have known more or less of the mediumistic phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and you recollect that from almost the beginning of the outbreak in question, music has been regarded as indispensable for the production of good psycho-physical phenomena. In a work which I wrote upon the mis-called "materialisation of spirits" * I noticed this fact, and suggested the idea that perhaps the aggregation of astral atoms for the making of one of these solidified phantoms was helped by sonorous vibrations of a definite length. I noticed that it was not so much musical harmony which was needed as a regulated succession of quick sounds in distinct time. Certainly the universal employment of the drum, or some one of its substitutes, in spirit-worship, invocation and evocation, goes towards corroborating my tentative theory. We all know that a certain note or string vibration of the violin will break into pieces a thin lamp-globe, why, then, may not a certain other atmospheric vibration facilitate the solidifying of astral forms, or if you prefer so to call them, materialised phantoms?

They have in India an ancient system of psychical training called Yoga, in which the recitation of certain *mantrams*

or verses of Sanskrit, is prescribed. Especially important is said to be the way in which the mystical syllable Om, or Aum, is pronounced. Learned Brahmans tell me that the illimitable psychic potentiality of the Sanskrit charms, or mantrams is only drawn out by the adoption of a certain very accurate rule of pronunciation (*swara*). They say that by formulating the words correctly a vibration is set up in the *akaz*, or that part of the ether of space which enwraps our globe, which makes man the master over all the spirit denizens of the various kingdoms of nature. It first reacts upon the astral double or ethereal body of the man himself, purifying its grossness, stimulating its psychic powers out of the normal state of latency, and gradually fortifying them up to the point of mastery over nature's finer forces. How radically different is this concept of man from that of the theologian, who makes him out to be a crawling worm of the dust, master over nothing either within or outside himself, helpless, dependent, the toy and sport of a Higher Power, which must be invoked for strength to accomplish the most trivial equally with the most noble actions. But here we pass outside my present theme, and I leave each of you to make your own deductions from the data I have herein so inadequately set forth.

OUR GERMAN EXCHANGES.

The "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter" publishes an explanation of the statement in the account of the trial of Spiritualists in Bohemia, which we recently reported in "LIGHT," that on the 27th of the month the spirits were supposed to be more powerful. This has been a stumbling-block to those who, considering spirits to be unconditioned by time and space, have seen in it nothing but a superstition. The explanation is simple. About six years ago this paper made known that a number of people in Salem (now Portland), in the State of Oregon, proposed that meetings for "universal soul communion" should be held at a given hour simultaneously over the whole world. Their idea was that if individual persons receive help, comfort, and strength from the spirit world through prayer, so much the more would thousands and hundreds of thousands when uniting in prayer for the peace and welfare of mankind. It was, therefore, proposed that all good and high-minded people, all Spiritualists and liberal Christians should assemble in their respective towns at an hour corresponding to noon in Salem, and leaving their several occupations for half an hour direct their thoughts and aspirations towards the spirit world. To ensure harmony all that is personal, selfish, and unworthy was to be banished from the thoughts, and the help of the spirit world entreated only for the universal, for the welfare of nations and of humanity, for the preservation of peace, and a better knowledge of things spiritual. The first suggestion of the plan was given during a seance, and was subsequently carried out, first by a few, then by some hundreds, and now the numbers read over four millions. The hour for London is 8.11 p.m.

The same paper copies from the "Pforzheimer Anzeiger" an interesting case of clairvoyance just before death. A young officer, who had received a violent blow in the chest from the head of the horse he was riding, which brought on hæmorrhage, repeated during some months, lay dying. Those standing round his bed heard him say "How clear everything round me is! I see through the bedclothes and the boards down into the cellar, and I see the sky through the roof. I could never do that before." It pleased him. He smiled. But suddenly he screamed out in horror. "Save them, for God's sake! Help, help! It's in the *Gyps-strasse*! Run, do run! Five children! Poison! poison!" They were the last intelligible words he spoke. When their doctor came next morning, he told them he, too, had passed a terrible night. He had been called in to a poor family in the *Gyps-strasse*, where five children had been poisoned by arsenic, which, intended for rats, had been carelessly left about and mistaken by the children for sugar. All the children died in great agony.

In the paper for the preceding week is a long account of a haunted inn at Guggenthal. The hauntings began in the autumn of 1890, and were the subject of investigation by the police and district court. The story is chiefly interesting for being contributed by the Catholic priest of the place who, acquainted with the writings of Perty, Du Prel, and others, besides having witnessed Spiritualistic phenomena in his own family, was prepared to ascribe these appearances to a supernatural cause.

* "People from the Other World."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post free to any address, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. R. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "A/C." All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.)"]

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. R. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

"POWER AND FORCE." *

A book of eighty-five pages is not a big one, but if those eighty-five pages form one continuous chapter without a break, and without any apparent order, the reader's task is not easy, and the reviewer's work is difficult. A book consisting of one long chapter can only be produced by a writer who is a stranger to that principle of *orderliness* which is one of the essentials of clear presentation. Such a book, too, is evidence of a corresponding want of *orderliness* in the writer's mind. A suggestive conversation is not quite the same thing as a reasoned discourse, nevertheless, the confusion is not infrequently made, and hence such books as "Power and Force," full as it is of suggestive remark, prove nothing, and leave the reader only a little more fogged than when he began.

The book is apparently intended to demonstrate the existence of an Almighty Creator and Sustainer of all things from the old arguments of design, interpreted in the language of modern thought. Such a purpose, if well carried out, would be worthy of all attention, but the reasoning must be close and free from assumptions, and one part of the argument must not contradict another. A knowledge also of the facts referred to would seem to be necessary.

On p. 27 of this treatise we find this assertion:—

The Almighty Creator, from His Infinite Esso, can no more act directly and without media on spiritual or natural creation than His earthly type, the Sun, can on the worlds He rules. He must therefore of necessity accommodate Himself from First to Last Principles.

In this somewhat chaotic concatenation of words there is the curious assumption of an Almighty existence, who at the same time is subject to a still more mighty ruler—"Necessity." This assumption would be, perhaps, of little more importance than those that are made in a thousand pulpits every Sunday, were it not that the author proceeds from that assumption of a limited Almighty to prove the existence of an unlimited One, for on p. 85 he says:—

We may, then, if we will, rest certain of Creation's permanence. Existence is perpetual subsistence. He who creates, sustains. He did not start a universe with an impetus that should continue without His taking further care; but being the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever He, once a Creator, is always a Creator. He is the perpetual, inexhaustible Source, as

* "Power and Force: Spiritual and Natural, Their Discreet Differences, Mutual Inter-relation, and Specific Atmospheres." By JAMES BODDELY KEENE. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891.)

the Sun of Heaven, of all Power, Might, Energy, Life, Force, and Activity in Heaven and on Earth, and in all the Mighty Universes of His Creation.

This "Great First Cause" is the "Power" of the book; force is only a consequence of this "Power."

But putting aside the attempt at explaining the unknowable, the little book contains plenty of suggestions. The author is impressed by the now universally recognised presence of an all-pervading ether in which the vibrations producing effects called electrical, luminous, and so forth, take place. He sees that the assumption of one ether may possibly lead to the assumption of others, and he assumes accordingly. He begins with an atmosphere which he proposes to call "Aura." And, indeed, there seems no reason why there should not be an infinity of Auras, as matter has long ceased to be matter to the scientific investigator. That "impenetrability" which our author speaks of, being indeed a thing of the past, it is possible, even probable, that with increased powers of investigation the luminiferous ether may be found insufficient to account for certain phenomena. Already, indeed, other atoms are talked about, and other atoms involve the notion of a medium for their existence.

"Man, as a spiritual being in this world, is an inhabitant of both worlds, and has relation as to mind and body with all the atmospheres that have been mentioned. In his innermost spiritual degree he has connection with the highest spiritual atmosphere; in his interior with the next in order; and in the natural degree of his mind, which is the spiritual exterior, with the third or lowest. So also his body as to its degrees of natural life and sensuous thought is related to three spiritual natural atmospheres; while the merely material substances of which his body is built up from day to day are derived from the three external atmospheres of nature. There are thus three classes of atmospheres, each of three degrees, to all and each of which man is related."

From this passage it is evident that the transition from one ether to an unlimited number is quite easy, Mr. Boddely Keene has already got to *nine*!

The question of the nexus between the psychical element in man and that part of him which immediately affects the senses is always a fascinating one, and one over which as much speculation has been made as over any question. The translation of a desire to move one's arm into its absolute motion is an instance of the transference of energy from the so-called immaterial to the so-called material, without any apparent apparatus common to the two conditions, and still involves an unsolved problem; nor is the solution to be obtained by any number of hypotheses, however plausible and interesting these hypotheses may be, unless each hypothesis has stood the test of experience sufficiently long to justify its relegation to the realms of "law." Not even *nine* ethers will do it without this. Yet had Mr. Boddely Keene made himself acquainted with some recent speculations, speculations founded, moreover, on experimental results, that difficulty about the nature of matter which is evidently much in his mind might possibly have become less acute.

The ether certainly is assumed to be all-pervading and to pass through so-called solid substances as the wind through a grove of trees, but some things point to this *solid* matter being after all nothing but a condition of the ether itself, whose rapid motion, vortical or otherwise, gives to it the character of rigidity and so forth which we associate with matter. If this be so, one link has been brought to light of the invisible chain joining psychical with material action. This non-existence of matter, as we used to suppose it, does not, of course, solve the problem, but diminishes the difficulty by one step. When a man moves his arm he does not move a mass of dense matter in the ordinary sense of the term, but changes a set of motions from one position in the ether to another. This is nearer, it may be indeed but a little nearer, nevertheless on the whole nearer to the psychical side of the universe. A step farther would be that the ether atoms and their motion

exist only in the consciousness of the individual Intelligence.

Yet however laudable may be his motive, however earnest his intention, anyone who attacks this problem should be careful about his facts; such an argument as this will not do:—

The amount of heat required to produce a given quantity of electricity can be calculated to great nicety; but there is no closer connection between the heat and the electricity than between the mind and the machine that transmutes it. Why admit the relation, then, in the one case and not in the other?

Surely it is not seriously intended that mental force bears as immediate a relation to physical force as the force developed by heat does to the force of electrical action. Yet it would almost seem so. The existence of an electric current is certainly invisible to our eyes, but because mental action and electrical action are both invisible it does not follow that they are close to each other in kind as is the case with those of heat and electricity.

Nor will this commend itself to readers with any adequate knowledge of the solar system:—

The sun is not hotter the nearer it is approached; if it were, the nearer and more distant planets would be uninhabitable from an excess or deficiency which cannot be assumed.

The first assertion is false unless all our notions of the nature of heat are wrong, and the reason given for the assertion is an assumption which may or may not be true. Nor this:—

The activity of the Sun, whence all its forces are derived and maintained, is due entirely to spiritual forces, derived from the Divine, and adapted to that end.

Perhaps so, but Mr. Boddely Keene has not proved it.

There is an appendix on the spiritual side of geometry. That a point moving makes a line, a line moving a surface, and a surface in like manner a solid is right enough; but this sort of thing will not do:—

It is almost a corollary from the powers of the mathematical point that material creation has a somewhat similar ground of origin for the forms in which it exists. It seems quite legitimate to assume, as the basis of matter, what we may call the "natural point," an ultimate reactive point or centre as a passive reagent to the ultimate natural force.

With this luminous passage we leave Mr. Boddely Keene—a man evidently of a reflective and thoughtful, though untrained mind, which has not as yet learned to differentiate clearly between assertion and proof.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to remind those subscribers to "LIGHT" and the London Spiritualist Alliance who have not already renewed their subscriptions for 1892, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. B. D. GODFREY, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE MICROPHONE AS A DEATH TEST.

Some particulars of a remarkable case of revival from apparent death are reported from St. Petersburg. A lady who had been suffering from a violent nervous attack sank into a state of syncope, and after a time ceased, as it seemed, to breathe. The doctor who was attending her certified that death had resulted from paralysis of the heart. For some reason which is not explained another medical man, Dr. Loukmanow, saw the body, and, having been informed that the lady had suffered from attacks of hysteria and catalepsy, thought it worth while to make a thorough examination. After trying various other means, he applied the microphone to the region of the heart, and was enabled by this instrument to hear a faint beating, which proved that life was not extinct. Everything was done to resuscitate the patient, who shortly afterwards recovered consciousness.

"HOW I WAS TAUGHT OF THE SPIRIT," by the late Lady Sandhurst. A few copies of this pamphlet still remain on sale, for which early application should be made. Price, post free, 6d.—Office of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. VII.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

Tuesday, 17th. We met for a short time; raps, and the table moved about uneasily, but with force and roughness; a pen-wiper brought in from the drawing-room and thrown down by me. The medium was not well, and this might account for the disturbed conditions.

He had been told by Imperator to sit with the Holmes mediums, then in London, and as they wished to give us a test seance we decided to go. The following account of what occurred is as correct as possible under the circumstances, no notes having been taken by me at the time.

Thursday, 19th, five o'clock. Our circle, with my brother, Mr. E., and Mr. B., met at the Holmes's rooms for the promised seance. We were allowed to examine the rooms for ourselves and fasten the doors. The medium, Mrs. Holmes, was firmly tied to her chair, and all hands were held. In a few minutes we heard all the things on the table, consisting of rings, bells, and musical instruments, swept off the table. One instrument was taken up and violently thrummed. After striking a light and seeing everything displaced and the medium still tied, the things were replaced, and singing commenced. Very soon the bells were rung, instruments played, and the spirit calling himself "Richard" came to the circle, talking and shaking hands with each person present. He slapped Mr. E. on the knee violently, said he was a medium; touched each of us in succession, and walked up and down, playing and talking to everyone present. The little Indian spirit, known to Mrs. Holmes as Rosie, came to us, kissed Mr. S. M., and took a bunch of violets from his coat and put a bell in their place. She put the bunch of violets into Dr. S.'s buttonhole. She ran about, paying attention to each in turn. She patted my face with her childish hand, and when I told her I had a little girl named Rosie, she answered yes, in a lisping voice, and said she was coming to see her. She then went and entranced her medium, who called through her to Dr. S. to come and receive the ring test, which both he and Mr. E. did most satisfactorily. An iron ring was passed on to the arm, while the hand grasped that of the medium. After the light was struck we held a conversation with Rosie through the medium. She said she was five when she passed away; had left fifteen moons; was very happy in the spheres; was not always with her medium; came to her when she wanted to show these manifestations to the world, which, if better prepared to receive them, would get much more, and greater things would be done. It was not well to die young, far better to live your life here and gain your earthly experiences than to have to return to learn them. In the spirit-world children were educated by forms or pictures, not by books: with more child-like prattle.

After Rosie left off talking through the medium, the controlling spirit known as "Bell" came, speaking with a stately, solemn voice. She thanked us all, and said she was pleased with all the friends present; gave us a blessing, and concluded by saying if possible we should have spirit-faces. The circle sat round a small table, before a screen, which shut off another room, and through a square opening in the screen the faces appeared. After waiting a few minutes, a handsome face of a young man came to the opening. He looked round upon us all. It was said the spirit belonged to me, but I could not then recognise it, though I thought it was like a brother who had gone abroad, and whose death we had never heard of. The face had also the peculiar shaped square head of the family. When I had last seen him he was a lad without whiskers or beard. He seemed disappointed that we did not know him, and sorrowfully went away. We waited, and presently another face was seen forming, and on appearing in front of the opening my brother and self instantly recognised the face of our father, who had entered spirit-life about four years previously. Almost at the same time Dr. S. recognised him; he appeared very pleased at our knowing him, and when I said, "You are my father," bowed three times for yes. He bent forward; we were only the distance of the table from him. The face was as distinct as possible, and could not have been made by the Holmeses, as they had never seen him or heard his name; it was also full of life and beauty.

The medium told me afterwards it had never appeared at her seances before; neither had they ever seen so beautiful a materialised spirit face. It remained looking and smiling at us for some time. We asked if there was any spirit present who could write. He put out his hand—a beautiful hand, shaped as his own was when in earth-life—and took the slate. After listening to the writing for some minutes, he returned it very gently, and on it was written a long message by a spirit friend, known to Mr. B. My father's face looked most beautiful, instinct with life and intelligence. It was so natural that I felt I was in his presence, and no doubt or fear crossed my mind. Mr. S.M. afterwards recognised the face from a photograph we had of him, and Mr. B. said he saw the family characteristics to myself and brother.

The evening of the same day Mr. S. M. was impressed to sit with us, as he wished to inquire of Imperator whether the faces we had seen in the afternoon belonged to the spirits they personified. After remaining quiet a short time Imperator came, and answered questions very distinctly. He said the spirits whose faces we had seen were present, but that others had helped them to materialise; he also said it was the face of my father, but that he did not know his name. On asking if he could find out, he left, and on returning, by alphabet, gave the name of "Augustus." He then entranced Mr. S. M. for the first time. We were sitting quietly in the dark when I was startled by hearing a strange voice speaking slowly and solemnly. It said, "I am here." "Who are you?" I asked. "Imperator." Dr. S. said, "Will you tell us of things past and future?" "Things of the past I will tell you, but of things to come we are not allowed to speak." We then asked if that was really the spirit of my father that we saw at the Holmeses? "Yes." "Is he good and happy?" "Very." "And gone to a high plane?" "He is always with you, and will fetch you when you enter spirit-life; he is more really living than you are." His parents were not near him. He also said it was quite right to sit—we had not quite lost the fear of this strange, new thing—and would do us good; also that it was my father who influenced me to inquire into the truth of Spiritualism. He had been much with me, and was near me now, the best guide I could have, as he was a very good spirit; he also said our boy (whose musical gifts were very marked) was inspired, but we do not know by whom. We cannot yet impress this medium as we wish, he continued, on account of his bad health and unbelief. If you sit regularly you will hear many things, and in time the world will also know of them. In answer to a question, Imperator said there were many spirits between himself and the Great Spirit. He told us at the end of a long and interesting conversation to remain quietly passive for ten minutes. He knocked on the table after the control had ended.

Saturday, 21st. We met as usual at ten o'clock. Very soon Dickey came and manifested, making various raps. Imperator's solemn thud was then heard, and he rapped out, "I will do you no harm." The medium was feeling nervous and uncomfortable since sitting at Mrs. Gregory's (21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square) the previous evening. We asked if we might have a light and when permission was given we lighted the gas, covered by a red globe. Very soon the medium became entranced, folded his arms, and spoke in a weak, faint voice. The controlling spirit said the power was weak; the state of the medium's health makes the control difficult; but if he were stronger he would not avail for our purpose, as he would be too much taken up with earthly pursuits. He is suffering now from having sat last night with a mixed circle, as he imbibes the magnetism of the sitters. I have been with him nearly all his life, and it is a great pleasure to control him. His doubts are worth more than most men's faith. When first attached to him I was in the sixth sphere, now I am in the seventh. Very few spirits ever return to earth from those distant spheres; but God has sent me for a special work. In answer to a question as to why he had come to us:—Someone must be chosen for our work. Evil influences you need not fear, as they will not come near you unless you court them; evil is from within more than from without, and if you have been brought up amid holy influences, and afterwards court unholy companionship, the soul must suffer. In this life the great thing is to do your duty, or you must suffer loss hereafter. Life is unending and progressive. The soul never stands still: it must improve or retrogress. When it retrogrades it is in the state your old theology calls death. No one ever

gets near to God. He sends spirits to act between us and Him, and prayer helps the soul. People born in poverty and vice with but few opportunities for good will have their education in the other world. The lowest spirits, those hovering near the earth, are the ones that most frequently manifest at circles and simulate characters that do not belong to them. If you will meet often and wait in patience we will do much for you. Now put out the light and be passive. Imperator rapped several times on the table to show the control was over, and the medium awoke quite unconscious of anything that had been said or done.

December 31st. Our circle met this evening after a week's cessation. The little manifesting spirit known as Dickey soon came, and gave us his familiar greeting. We heard many fresh sounds and clear raps; also a grinding sound in the table, reminding us of the wailing of the wind. Upon asking who the spirit was who made this melancholy noise, the name of A. W. was rapped out. This spirit had before communicated, and was (when in earth-life) a very intimate friend of the medium's. Raps then came near me, and by alphabet message was given, "Cross for you." Light was called for, and we then saw a cross placed on the table opposite to myself. It was one no one in the circle had ever seen before, blue glass, on it the figure of Christ, with chased gilt frame. We put out the light, when alphabet was again asked for and message given, "Wear it." After this a spirit came giving her initials J. N. L.; said she did not know us, or we her; affinity had brought her, and she had come to do us good. Other spirits were making different sounds, but Imperator stopped them in his dignified manner, and then entranced the medium. In a very weak voice he said: "I have come before closing the seance to tell you we have had great difficulty in manifesting to-night in consequence of the break in the communications; but if you wish we have much, very much to tell you. Many spirits were here to-night who have long waited to communicate with this circle. I have left this earth for a very long time, and only returned to impress this medium. It is my mission. No communications from the spheres can be given without a medium, just as you cannot send a message to America without the cable. Your guardian spirits are near you, and can influence you without a medium if you do not drive them away. "How do we send them away?" "By self-will." "Who brought me the cross to-night?" "An old friend of the medium's." During the time Imperator was entrancing the medium, and conversing with us through him we saw a large bright cross of light behind the medium's head, rays surrounding it; after this it culminated into a beautiful line of light of great brilliancy, reaching several feet high and moving from side to side. Behind this column of light on the floor was a bright cluster of lights in oblong shape. These remained for more than half an hour, and upon asking Imperator the meaning of the lights, he said the pillar of light was himself; the bright light behind him his attendant; and the numerous lights seen in the room belonged to the band. The light around the medium's head shewed his great spiritual power. He also said in time we might see him; might do so now were our spiritual vision clearer. Imperator then closed the seance, and the medium awoke unconscious of all that had been done. This was one of the most interesting seances we had had. The account is much condensed, and gives only an imperfect idea of a very striking seance.

Various objects brought to the seance table. Several new spirits manifested for the first time. A long conversation held with Imperator and the wonderful beautiful spirit lights seen for the first time by Dr. S. and self:—Thus the year has closed—the most remarkable year of my life. In it I have learnt that the so-called dead are more really living than ourselves, and that under certain conditions they can return to earth to comfort, enlighten, and instruct us.

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WHAT we feel and cannot compass, see and cannot fathom, believe and cannot comprehend, is as near the infinite as humanity can go, and proportionately near to the foundation of happiness.—SYDNEY DOBELL.

A GHOST STORY.

The following story is taken from a book entitled "Through Gazaland and the Scene of the Portuguese Aggression," by Parker Gilmore ("Ubique"):

The reader on perusing this will doubtless say, "The interior of Africa is a strange place for ghosts to have got to." No doubt the ghost yarns that are to be heard there owe their origin to a European source. Whether or no, Hottentot and Boer, Griqua and colonial trader equally believe in them, and so thoroughly is this credence in supernatural beings ingrafted in them, that to express the smallest amount of scepticism of their truth would inevitably entail upon you a storm of indignation.

It was in the month of April that I outspanned in that extensive district of bush that lies to the westward of Monkoroane's country, Southern Bechuanaland. This camping ground had a bad reputation, for near it three members of the Griqualand force had at different times disappeared.

My Hottentot driver was telling a story . . . when the distinct sound of a horse's footfall was heard.

In a few minutes the unknown appeared, dismounted and accepted my hospitality. . . . He was a tall, powerfully built man. Determination and energy were stamped upon his countenance, while the big sinews and veins told plainly that he possessed strength almost superhuman. From his complexion and voice there could be no doubt he hailed from the Old Country. That Africa had known him for years was equally certain from his sunburnt hands and throat.

While my guest was doing justice to my larder, the Hottentot driver returned to his story, upon which I abruptly and uncourteously shut him up, desiring him to cease frightening his listeners by such absurd narratives.

Hereupon the stranger turned to me and said in few, but pointed words, "If you don't believe in ghosts, I do. Yes; smile if you like. I am not ashamed to own it; and the place where I became converted to a belief in the supernatural is not above four hours by horse from this spot. Disbelieve it! How could I? and my after-rider saw it as well as myself, while old Erasmus Swartz and his *wrow*, with their folks, have seen it many times. Come, if you don't want to turn in yet, make the niggers put some more wood on the fire; give me another *soupe* of 'square-face' in my beaker, and after I load up my pipe I'll tell you the yarn. Believe me or not, as you like, it matters nothing to me; but I shall remember and believe what I am about to tell you to my dying day. About this time last year I was buying cattle in an adjoining part of the country, and had occasion to call at Uncle Erasmus Swartz's house. The weather had been fearfully warm, without a breath of air stirring. All nature seemed affected by the oppression; even the very cattle stood listless, chewing their cud, absolutely refusing to leave the shelter of the homestead and cattle kraal. When I got up to bid the old folks good-bye, the old *wrow* said, 'You had best stay where you are; there's a storm coming, and a pretty testy one it will be while it lasts.' But I had business to attend to elsewhere on the morrow, and much as I might have desired it, I could not remain, so ordering Jansey to put the saddle on Doppe—the horse that I am riding to-night—I and my after-rider started. If you have ever travelled the neighbourhood you will remember that after you leave old Swartz's farm the country in front of you going westward is as desolate a district as any to be found in South Africa; rocks piled upon rocks, till the *kopjes* assume the magnitude of hills, and scarcely a bush or bunch of grass to be seen upon them. I had only proceeded five miles before I received warning of the bursting of the storm. Large drops of rain began to fall, and sudden brief gusts of wind to wail among the adjoining *krantzies*. The ravens and vultures wheeled their flight high aloft, giving utterance to their harsh and repellent notes, as if warning the dwellers upon earth of coming evil. The further we advanced, the storm increased in severity, till the rain became a torrent and the wind a hurricane. Jansey, pale as a Hottentot could be, now rode up alongside of me, and begged me to turn off the trail and seek shelter in a *krantz* adjoining our position. This I refused, but he persisted. While doing so, he pointed with his hand to the front and exclaimed, 'For the love of

God, Bass, what is that?' I stared in the direction indicated, but from the drift and rain could see nothing, and told him so most emphatically. 'Nothing!' he whispered, in a voice overcome with fear; 'look there; right in front, just entering the *kloof*, straight ahead; look, look, look!' I shaded my eyes with my hand, the better to protect them from the rain, and true enough, just entering the *poort* of the *kloof*, I saw what I deemed to be a party of Kaffirs, with baggage-oxen, in single file, evidently pursuing the same road as ourselves. Turning to my after-rider, I said, 'It's only a party of natives, you fool.' 'No, Bass,' he answered; 'it is the ghost of Morocco, his son and their wives, who were murdered in this *kloof* forty years ago this month.' Here Jansey, who was a good Catholic, in spite of his fears found time to cross himself. During breaks between the drift and the rain I managed to see more of this mysterious *cortege*. It consisted of ten persons, five of whom appeared to be women, and with them were ten dun-coloured oxen, half of these animals being loaded with the usual odds and ends that compose a Kaffir's household goods. Certainly it was a most mysterious looking procession, each human being that composed it keeping with the utmost regularity his or her allotted place; and more mysterious still was it that all the cattle should be the same colour, and that a most unusual one. Jansey kept close to my heels; I could, during breaks in the heavy gust of wind, hear sufficient to know that he was praying. The exit and entrance to this *poort* are as gruesome and uncanny-looking as any I know, the sides being a hundred feet or more in perpendicular height, while immense boulders hang, apparently, so insecure that the slightest vibration must of necessity detach them. Once this *kloof* is entered, there is no exit possible for human being except at the far end. Knowing this, I pushed on my good horse Doppe to overtake the travellers, but, strange as it may seem, for the first time in his life, he gave evidence of being an unwilling servant. True, he had an almost blinding torrent of rain in his face, and the wind was so strong that it was difficult to stem, while lightning descended in incessant streams, and thunder belched forth in deafening cannonade, but in spite of all these adverse circumstances Doppe's duty was to obey, and with no gentle spur I let him know I was master. My horse is swift: still, I did not overtake the bullocks and their attendants. Mysterious. I thought to myself, and again pushed my mount to his best pace. He seemed neither to gain nor lose distance. A strange feeling came over me; at once I comprehended its meaning. I was, against my will, becoming a convert to a belief in the supernatural world. But against this I fought, so made one determined effort to solve the extraordinary enigma before me. The unknown and inexplicable procession was just leaving the *kloof* at the further *poort*: in fact, the leaders had turned the corner and were out of sight when I pulled Doppe together, drove both spurs deep into his flanks, and dashed forward to intercept at least the last of these mysterious travellers. But I was too late; all had turned the corner and disappeared behind the rock-projecting barrier. With renewed energy I myself turned it, expecting to see the string of natives before me. To my surprise and astonishment all had vanished."

"Forty years before the adventure I have narrated occurred to me—to the very day: mark that!—the Boers murdered Morocco, his son, their wives and their attendants in the most inhuman manner; and worse still, under a flag of truce. The Baralong race to whom they belong well remember the circumstances, and the scene of the massacre was Asvogel Kloof, near old Erasmus Swartz's farm, in Griqualand West. Now, I would ask you, friend, are you surprised that I believe in ghosts?"

THE score years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all sorrowful facts. Crushing losses, which at the time seemed nothing but privation, later assume a different aspect. The breaking up of an occupation or a home allows the formation of others more friendly to the growth of character, contains the reception of new influences hitherto untasted; and he or she who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.—EMERSON.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THE CASE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE REV. R. MOFFAT
(AFRICAN MISSIONARY).

By "EDINA."

PART III.

As mentioned in the postscript to my second paper on this case, the person designating himself as "Dr. Livingstone," and who, my daughter says, is the original of the statue she has seen here in Prince's-street, after an interval of eighteen months, came and spoke to her on the morning of January 28th last. He addressed her, she states, in a kindly, Scottish fashion, saying: "Well, 'Lassie,' how are you getting on? I believe your father is anxious to hear more about me. If you take up your pen I will write just now." The time was inconvenient for the medium, and she also informed him another spirit had promised to write by her the ensuing night, so her present communicator also agreed to come at the same time and "pen a message." Accordingly on the afternoon of January 29th, the medium went to her room, and the following message was written:—

"DEAR MISS —,—I am greatly obliged to you for sitting for me again. I have tried in vain to obtain power, but I learned from others your very bad state of health.* I hope you will be able, dear medium, to stand this power on you this afternoon. I was born in the year 1813 at Blantyre, in Glasgow, where my father, Neill Livingstone, lived. When I was young a portion of my time was spent in a cotton factory and attending classes, too, both literary and medical. I sailed as a missionary in 1841, in the ship *George*, and landed at Port Elizabeth in Algoa Bay; then went to Kuruman. My despatches, some were lost in the wreck of the *Forerunner*, off the island of Madeira, and Mr. Moffat had the mortification of overtaking my letters, papers, and parcels. Towards the close of the year 1844 I girded myself for the great undertaking, and bade farewell to the Atlantic. I was accompanied by several gentlemen.

"Afar in the desert I loved to ride,
With the silent bush-boy by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen.
By valleys remote, where the orabu plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the marlibut graze,
And the gunsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of wild forests overhung with wild vine.
Afar in the desert I loved to ride,
With the silent bush-boy by my side;
Over the brown Kerro where the bleating cry
And the timorous guabras whistling neigh
Is heard, by the fountain, at fall of day,
And the fleet-foot ostrich over the waste,
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste.

"This is a bit of my songs when I was in the desert plain. I am finished, dear medium, and will come again soon with some good news, so farewell until we meet again.

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

Regarding this message I have to note:—

1. It was written by the medium in the same manner, and although in the daytime, in obscure light, she standing with her back to the window, which is about fifteen feet from the place where it was penned.

2. The handwriting is different in all respects from that in the message of July 30th, 1890, but the signature, David Livingstone, bears a resemblance, especially the "D" of "David" and the "L" of "Livingstone."

3. The statement as to the loss of the despatches in the *Forerunner* is correct; but where the wreck took place is not stated in the "Life" I consulted, published by Blackwood and Son, of London. The rest of the sentence as to Mr. Moffat's mortification at overtaking the despatches is (to me) unintelligible in the meantime.

4. The name of Dr. Livingstone's father was Neil Livingstone. I had great difficulty in finding this out, as the doctor himself does not give his father's name in his volumes, but I discovered a copy of the tombstone which was erected to his father's memory in the last chapter of the Blackwood's "Life" just referred to.

5. The date of birth is, I think, 1813; but "Men of the Reign," which I looked at in the club, gives it as 1817; as

*The medium had been out of health for some weeks but was better.

also the 1877 edition of Chambers' "Encyclopædia"; but in the new edition just being published, the date of birth is given as March 9th, 1813. In Blackwood's "Life" it is also given as 1813, so I think that must be held to be the correct year of birth.

6. I cannot discover the name of the ship in which Dr. Livingstone sailed for Africa in 1841. It is given in the message as the "ship *George*." In "Dr. Livingstone's Travels," published in 1857, he himself states he sailed for Africa and landed after a voyage of three months.

7. As to the poetry, it speaks for itself, and all I can say regarding it is, that no one in my household has read a poem like it before. There are references in it to animals unknown to me, and whose names I cannot find in any dictionary, encyclopædia, or book of reference. These are "guabra," "marlibut" and "gunsbok." "Orabu," I think, may be an abbreviation of orabasu, the name of an African monkey, which I discovered in the "Imperial Dictionary." The words "brown Kerro" puzzle me, but they appear to refer to a portion of the plain or the desert where Livingstone travelled.

8. The medium has never seen a "Life of Dr. Livingstone." I read his volumes when they came out in 1857, but since then, owing to the engrossing nature of my profession, have had little time for miscellaneous reading, and beyond reading his last "Journals" when they were published, I do not think any Livingstonian literature has been in the house—at least for years.

9. The medium has again under test conditions identified a portrait of Dr. Livingstone prefixed to a volume of his life and work, as that of the person who has thrice been seen by her, and who spoke and wrote, as has been detailed by me in this and the first article on this case.

Your readers have now the whole facts of this interesting case before them, and I do not intend to dogmatise regarding it. Our belief is that the communicator is Dr. Livingstone: but, as has been seen, the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research was of a different opinion. As, however, I did not then, and do not now consider him a competent judge of occult phenomena, and particularly of automatic writing, I am glad to have been able to give your readers the whole facts laid by me before the Society for Psychical Research, supplemented by the additional message received on January 29th.

IDENTIFIED SPIRIT-FORMS.

By ROBERT COOPER.

During my six years' residence in America I availed myself of the opportunity of attending the seances of the best accredited mediums, especially those through whom the materialisation of spirits occurs, and certainly I witnessed a great number of very wonderful phenomena, none of which on subsequent reflection and in the light of further experience have I any reason to think was of a fraudulent character, but what it purported to be—the work of spiritual powers. I saw scores of materialised spirits of all sorts and conditions, but only in two instances did I see any that bore a resemblance to anyone I knew in earth-life. At the seances of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, where I was a frequent visitor, J. H. Powell, who first introduced Spiritualism to my notice, and who was my colleague in starting the first spiritual paper in London, appeared in a materialised form several nights in succession, dressed in characteristic attire with hair unkempt. I saw him also at the seance of another medium, his appearance being precisely the same.

But still more striking, if possible, was the appearance of an Eastbourne friend whose obsequies I attended just prior to leaving England for America. It occurred in this wise. During an interview with the Rev. Minot J. Savage I alluded to the subject of Spiritualism and told him some of my experiences, in which he was greatly interested, and asked me if I could not show him something of the kind. I said I would endeavour to do so. Mr. C. Watkins happened to arrive in Boston soon after, and I called upon him with a view to satisfy myself as to the genuineness of his slate-writing, thinking that it would be a good phase of spirit-power to submit to Mr. Savage, who was a novice in these matters. Mr. Watkins and I placed our hands on a slate underneath which was a fragment of pencil. In a very short

time the sound of writing was heard, and on looking at the slate there were found two or three lines signed "Graham Hewett." This was the name of a young military officer whom I had known from his childhood. He had never been in America and I was not thinking of him at the time. This satisfied me of the genuineness of Mr. Watkins's mediumistic powers, and I got him to accompany me the following morning to Mr. Savago's residence with very satisfactory results.

A few days afterwards I was invited to a seance at the house of a private gentleman, who informed me that Mrs. Hull was coming from New York and that he had engaged her to give two seances at his house, both of which I attended. At the first there were eight persons present beside the medium, who, dressed in black silk, lay on a sofa at one end of the room covered with a shawl. The spectators sat in a row across the room about ten feet distant from the medium. We had not been seated long before a female form appeared by the side of the medium and came close up to us, and drawing aside a veil she wore disclosed her features and spoke a few words in a low voice to each of us as she passed along. Two others similarly arrayed did the same. A form then appeared behind the sofa, arrayed in white, and beckoned. By questioning it was found that I was the person wanted. I went up close to the figure and said, "Why, it is Graham Hewett," who nodded his head, looked pleased at the recognition, stretched out his bare arm and touched me on my head, and then disappeared. I saw him as plainly as I ever saw him in earth-life. The likeness was unmistakable.

A curious incident occurred prior to his death which it may be of interest to mention. The house was jarred as if struck by some heavy object, so much so as to cause the door-knocker to sound. A servant who happened to be in the hall immediately opened the door, but there was no one near. It was regarded by the family as a sign of the approaching end of the sick one, which proved to be the case.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Phosphorus at Seances.

SIR,—Your second allusion to the smell of phosphorus at materialising seances draws from me a brief account of my own weakness and fastidiousness as a pioneer. About the time of your own experience I was having a private seance with Messrs. Herne and Williams. They said: "Now Katie is going to appear to you." An aureole of light shone before me, like what one sees poorly depicted round the heads of saints in Roman Catholic churches. But with it came a strong smell of what I thought was sulphur. I was quite unprepared for this, not knowing the rational explanations you now give us. I instinctively drew back, my sympathy was gone, and with it vanished the aureole and the sympathy on the other side; and I now know what I lost in the cause of knowledge as distinct from faith. MIROR.

Miss Marryat's Experiences.

SIR,—Having lately read with extreme interest Florence Marryat's account of her almost unique experiences in Spiritualism—I say almost unique, because the proofs of identity given to her have been far more happy and abundant than most of those hitherto recorded, while many of us have sought long and patiently for even one such proof and always in vain—I want to express my gratitude for this bit of straightforward, fearless evidence in a matter which it behoves us, one way or the other, to have placed beyond dispute.

To the absolute reality of the phenomena themselves and the frequent presence of intelligence, distinct from that of the medium or any of the circle, we can bear witness; but not to the natural and beautiful return of friends whom we knew and loved, able now in our actual presence to fashion for themselves from the material readiest at hand the semblance of the body which was once theirs, using it precisely as an actor uses his costume, for aiding recognition, and casting it off as he does when its use is over: thus demonstrating their present possession of another body, independent of, and superior to, that of earth, nearer to us than hands and feet, wherein abides the same sweet soul we knew, with its human tenderness and sympathy and light-

heartedness, all unchanged, as vivid and as homely as ever. Of this, alas! we have no experience, and should we never have any, we ought to be very thankful when an earnest man or woman comes forward and gives us the minute record of such a seance as the one held at Mr. Neville's with a gentleman who has never been a public medium, and of the wonderful American series with one public medium after another which Miss Marryat describes.

8, Gordon-place, Kensington, W.

J. A. CAMPBELL.

When Does the Soul Enter the Body?

SIR,—As a Churchman my mind is impressed with the absence of teachings upon a subject which every Christian mind is thirsting after; and would take the liberty of asking some one of your readers to set at rest a most important point, by giving the necessary answer to the undermentioned question.

Lacking this knowledge, which seems to me to be a right requirement, I am compelled to admit that the Christian is void upon the most vital point in connection with a human creature, but trust it will be filled up, through the medium of your valuable columns, by some learned friend giving an answer to the following:—

Is the soul precreated by the parents, or is it a gift after conception, either before or after birth? A. MITCHELL.

Clairvoyance.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A.V.B." in "LIGHT" of February 27th, p. 107, referring to Mr. Stead's experiments, states: "Madame C. is described as being in a trance condition, and it would be necessary for her to be so in order that she might obtain a consciousness of the surroundings and position of the people visited by her astral body." Not necessarily so. A good clairvoyant can sometimes—although not in state of trance—describe the surroundings and position of people who are at some distance, and can also repeat accurately the conversation in which such persons are engaged. This is not a mere theory. It has been done. The knowledge may not have been obtained by the projection of the astral body of the clairvoyant. I do not know how the knowledge was obtained. Records of such cases are probably numerous. With respect to one of them, I know the clairvoyant was in a normal state; and, while relating what was happening elsewhere, was making comments on the conversation, imitating the tone and manner of one of the speakers, and while doing so was also attending to some household matters.

"A.V.B." is of opinion that Madame C.'s double cannot be photographed. I think it can. The double of a medium has been photographed, and that which has been done may be done again. We should encourage experiments which may lead to important results, rather than in an offhand manner condemn them as useless.

It is scarcely fair to accuse Mr. Stead of posing as an exponent of Spiritualism. He would probably be the first to acknowledge that he knows almost nothing practically of the subject. The Society for Psychical Research will scarcely be accused of any leanings to Spiritualism. As a member, Mr. Stead has collected a number of facts, some of which may possibly interest the Society, and some of the facts will interest and excite to inquiry thousands outside of that Society. But his facts only touch one of the outer fringes of Spiritualism. He does not deal with the wonderful phenomena of the seance room. He does not deal with the philosophy of the subject. He does not deal with any of the higher aspects of it. He does not profess to be in a position to do so. From the ranks of authors and first-class journalists, from the ranks of public teachers and lay preachers he has stepped manfully forth with a new departure. Fortunately it has not been a losing one. But he has accomplished the task he set for himself without waiting to count the cost in what might have been loss of influence and loss of fame. He shows an open mind—he is learning. Should he oppose us, what then? Honest and intelligent opposition is useful; it is healthy. To some extent he is groping in the dark. When he sees the light we may be satisfied he will, in his own time and way, reveal it. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A copy of the late Hepworth Dixon's "Spiritual Wives" can be obtained from our office for 5s. It consists of four hundred pages and is in good condition.

SOCIETY WORK.

17, MAIDEN-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.—Mrs. Ashton Bingham will gladly welcome investigators at her seances on Thursdays at 8 p.m. prompt; Mrs. Mason, medium.—J. H. B. STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Services every Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for March 13th, Mr. J. Allen, subject, "There is no death." Committee meeting at 8.30.—J. A.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET. — On Sunday the Rev. Dr. Young gave an inspirational address upon "The Handwriting on the Wall." Sunday next, at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Lovell, "Theosophy and Occultism." March 13th, Mr. Long on "Strong Points in Spiritualism."—T. R., Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a very full meeting. Mr. Wyatt read a "Spiritual Poem," and Mr. Francis gave us an excellent address upon the "Bible and Ancient Spiritualism." Sunday next, at 7 p.m., spiritual service. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Saturdays, at 8 p.m., select circle.—J. H. B.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 33, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday last "Divine Breath" was the subject of a discourse given by Mr. J. W. Clarke, who founded his remarks upon Ezekiel xxxviii. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Veitch, "After Death—What?" Also every Wednesday, at 8 p.m., psychometry. On the 20th the Rev. Rowland Young.—AUDY.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last we spent a very pleasant evening with Mr. Dales, who discoursed on "Planetary Influences as the Cause of Family Differences in Character." On Thursday, March 3rd, we held our social entertainment. On Sunday next, Mr. Pearson on "Astrology." A paper will be read and discussed on Thursday, the 17th inst.—F. VAUGHAN, Assistant Sec.

16, QUEEN'S-PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.—Mr. G. D. Wyndo gave a paper on Sunday on "My Fourteen Years' Experience in Spiritualistic Phenomena." Several ladies and gentlemen also gave their experiences, making a very pleasant evening. On Sunday next Mr. McKenzie will favour us with one of his eminently practical addresses on "Phrenology." We hope a good many of our friends will meet him.—G. D. W.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday evening next Mr. W. O. Drake will deliver an address at seven o'clock. Last Sunday evening Mr. W. G. Coote gave an address on "The Utility of Spiritualism," pointing out the advantages of a knowledge of an hereafter, and the benefits to be derived from living the life of a true Spiritualist. He concluded by giving clairvoyant descriptions, which were fairly successful.—W. G. C.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address J. ALLEN, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: on Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; on Thursday, at 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting; and on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship." Also at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance.—J. A.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday an excellent lecture was given at this hall by Miss Rowan Vincent on "Practical Spiritualism." Referring to the propagation of Spiritualism, she strongly urged upon all friends interested in its great truths the necessity of unity, earnestness, and a liberal support of the cause in every possible way. She recommended the friends to stand by facts, to avoid exaggeration, to value the experiences of life, and to work now. She also spoke on the truthfulness, the beauty, and uses of clairvoyance and psychometry. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., "No Eternal Punishment," Mr. T. B. Dale and friends; Sunday next at 7 p.m., "My Experiences as a Spirit Medium," Mr. Towns.—C. I. HUNT.

NEWCASTLE SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.—Our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mellon, who have lately gone to Australia, have presented to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Spiritual Evidence Society, through Mrs. Hammarbom, a photograph of a materialised form and medium—"Cissy" and Mrs. Mellon—taken by Mr. J. S. Smith, of Edinburgh, at his studio on September 3rd, 1890, at 3 p.m., in full daylight, with an exposure of three seconds, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. Bowie, and the medium, who was not entranced, and who is seen in the act of pulling the cord which opened and closed the curtains, in response to the signal raps of her spirit friends. This picture is a bromide enlargement from the studio of Messrs. E. Sawyer and Sons, Haymarket, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is from the original negative. We take this opportunity of tendering our sincere thanks to our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Mellon for their kindness and our best wishes for their welfare, and trust that Mr. Mellon will soon be restored to health again. We are particularly thankful for this picture as it will help to keep alive in our midst the remembrance of the high qualities of Mrs. Mellon's mediumship.—R. E.

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

Where is she now? O'erawed I sit and ponder
Beside that beautiful and deserted dwelling;
Those curtained eyes and rigid lips are silent,
Of whence and whither not one secret telling.

Where is she now? Was this a child of pleasure,
With witching smiles awaking at a word?
No more her clear young voice shall rouse to action,
Or emulate the rapture of a bird.

Where is she now? No answer to my question,
From that fair form the vital spark has fled;
All joy and pain are gone, all bliss and sorrow,
Mysterious is the stillness of the dead.

Where is she now? Not here to know corruption,
'Tis but the dust returns to dust once more,
And she who built that perfect shape has left it,
Life's more ethereal regions to explore!

ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.

THE FRIEND OF MAN,

How beautiful the faces of the dead,
How calm and still, how free from fear and care;
A monumental peacefulness they wear,
All fevered restlessness from them has fled.
Those chiselled lips, can they have ever said
Wild words of love or hate? So tranquil there,
Like sculptured marble, costly, pure and rare,
The loved one lies within the narrow bed.

Is Death a tyrant ruthless in his rage,
With fiendish malice tearing heart from heart?
Not so, O man, he is thy tender friend.
He sets the weary free from loss and age,
Life were unbearable did he depart,
Leaving decrepitude, and yet no end!

ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.

MY FUNERAL.

All solemnly wending its way,
A funeral pass'd me by,
With ebon streamer, coal-black steed,
And dark plume tossing high.

"Oh! friends," I cried, "one boon I crave,
One favour ask of ye:
When I shall pass from earth away
Spare me this mockery!

Plant ye no cypress, weave no yew,
No dark plume wave for me,
Nor shade your house in twilight gloom
When confined I shall be.

Make ye no mock for me, my friends,
Make ye no moan for me;
To mother earth give back her own,
And speed the spirit free.

And if for my funeral feast
Guests ye would have to your mind,
My Brother of Nazareth bids ye call
The poor, the halt and the blind.

—ELIZA LUTLEY BOUCHER.

THE TRIALS OF GOOD MEN.

The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key;
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,
All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend,
Have each their own divinely purposed end;
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and his own deeper teaching.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For his strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey.
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

—FRANCES HAVERGAL.

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scary crow sins at home.—MILTON.